

The most excellent
HISTORIE
OF THE
Merchant of Venice:

With the extreme crudity of Shylock
the Jew towards the said Merchant, in owing him
just pound of his flesh: and the catching up
of Portia by the chooyce of her selfe. &c.
**As it hath been diverse times acted by the
Lord Chamberlaine his Servants.**
Written by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



L O N D O N:
Printed for William Leake, and are to be sold at his shop at the
signe of the Crown in Fleetstreet, between the two
Temple Gates. 1652.

The Comicall History of the Merchant of Venice.

Enter *Antonio*, *Salarino*, and *Salanio*.

Anth. **N** sooth I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me, you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuffe tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne:

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much adoe to know my selfe.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the Ocean,
There where your Argosies with portly sayle,
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the Sea,
Doe over-peere the pettie-traffiquers,
That course to them doe them reverence,
As they flic by them with their woven vvinges.

Salan. Believe me sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grasse to know where sits the vvinde,
Prying in Maps for Ports, and Peeres, and Rodes:
And every object that might make me feare
Mis-fortunes to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Salar. My vwind cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a vwind too great might do at sea: if now I
I should not see the sandie houre-glaſe runnes,
But I should thinke of Shallowes and of Flatts,
And see my vwealthy *Andrew* docksin sand,
Vayling her high top lower then her ribs,

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To kisse her buriall ; should I goe to Church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks,
Whiche touching but my gentle Vessells side,
Would scatter all her spices on the streme,
Enroabe the roaring water with my silkes,
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought
That such a thing bechanc'd vwould make me sad ?
But tell not me, I know *Antonio*
Is sad to thinke upon his merchandize.

Anth. Beleeve me no, I thankē my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome trusted,
Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate
Vpon the fortune of this present yeare :
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sala. Why then you are in love. *Anth.* Fie, fie.

Sala. Not in love neither : then let us say you are sad
Because you are not merry ; and twere as easie
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Tanis*,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellowes in her time !
Some that will evermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a Pāgpiper.
And other of such Vineger aspect,
That they'l not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though *Nestor* sweare the jest be laughable.

Enter *Bassanio*, *Lorenzo*, and *Gratiano*.

Sala. Here comes *Bassanio* your most noble kinſman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenzo*. Fare ye well,
We leave you now vwith better company.

Salan. I would have staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Anth. Your worth is very deare in my regard,
I take it your owne busynesse calls on you,
And you embraceth' occasion to depart.

Sala. Good morrow my good Lords.

Bass.

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Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh ? say, when ?
You grow exceeding strange : must it be so ?

Sal. Weele make our leysures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino, and Salanio.

Lor. My Lord *Bassanio*, since you have found *Anthonio*,
We two will leave you, but at dinner time
I pray you have in minde vvhervewe must meeete.

Bass. I vvill not faile you.

Gra. You looke not vwell signior *Anthonio*,
You have too much respect upon the vworld :
They loose it that doe buy it with much care,
Believe me you are mervellously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the vworld but as the vworld, *Gratiano*,
A stage, vvhile every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Grat. Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinckes come,
And let my liver rather heate vwith vvine
Then my heart coole vwith mortifying groanes.
Why should a man whose blood is warme within,
Sit like his Grandsire, cut in Alabaster :
Sleepe when he vvakes ? and creepe into the Iaudices
By being peevious ? I tell thee vvhat *Anthonio*,
I love thee, and tis my love that speakes :
There are a sort of men whose visages
Doe creame and mantle like a standing Pond,
And doe a wilfull stilnesse entertaine,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of vvisdome, gravitie, profound conceir,
As who should say, I am sic Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.
O my *Anthonio* I doe know of these
That therefore onely are reputed wise
For saying nothing ; when I am very sure
If they should speake, would almost dant those cares,
Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles,
Ile tell thee more of this another timac.
But fish not with this melancholy baite.

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For this foole Gudgin, this Opinion :
Come good *Lorenso*, fare ye vwell awhile,
Ile end my Exhortation after dinner.

Loren. Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same dumbe wise men,
For *Gratiano* never lets me speake.

Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue.

Ant. Fare you well, Ile grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks yfaith, for silence is onely commendable
In a neats tongue dried, and a mayd not vendible. *Exeunt.*

Ant. It is that any thing now.

Baff. *Gratiano* speakes an infinite deale of nothing more then
any man in all *Venice*; his reasons are as two graines of wheat hid
in two bushels of chaffe: you shal seeke all day ere you find them,
and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well, tell me now vwhat Lady is the same,
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to day promis'd to tell me of.

Baff. Tis not unknowne to you *Antonio*,
Hovv much I have dissabled mine estate,
By something shovving a more swelling port,
Than my faint meanes would grant continuance:
Nor doe I now make moane to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my chiefe care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time something too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: to you *Antonio*,
I owe the most in money and in love,
And from your love I have a vvarraantic
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
Hovv to get cleare of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you good *Buffanio* let me know it,
And if it stand as you say, I'll doe,
Within the eye of honour, be affay'd,
My purse, my person, my extreamest meanes
Lyeall unlockt to your occasions.

Baff. In my Schoole daies, when I had lost one shaft,

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I shot his fellow of the selfe same flight
The selfe same vway, vwith more advised watch,
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both,
I oft found both: I urge this child-hood proofe,
Because what followes is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that selfe way
Which you did shoot the first, I doe not doubt,
As I will watch theayme, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazzard backe againe,
And thankfully rest debter for the first.

An. You know me well, and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance,
And out of doubt you do me now more vvrong
In making question of my uttermost
Then if you had made vvaft of all I have:
Then doe but say to me vwhat I should doe
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it; therefore speake.

Bass. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And she is faire, and fairer then that vword,
Of vvondrous vertues; sometimes from her eyes
I did receive faire speechlesse messages:
Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervallew'd
To *Catos* daughter, *Brutus Portia*,
Nor is the wide vworld ignorant of her vvorth,
For the fourre vvinds blow in from every coast
Renowned sutors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her seat of *Belmont Cholchesstrond*,
And many *Iasons* come in quest of her.
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the meanes
To hold a rivall place vwith one of them,
I have a minde presages me such thrifte
That I should questionlesse be fortunate.

Antb. Thou knowst that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither have I money, nor commoditie

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To raise a present summe ; therefore goe forth, wch I
Trie what my credit can in *Venice* doe,
That shall be rackt even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to *Belmonte* to faire *Portia*.
Goe presently enquire, and so will I,
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

Exeunt.

Enter *Portia* with her wating-woman *Nerrissa*.

Por. By my troth *Nerrissa*, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet Madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are : and yet for ought I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing ; it is no meane happines therefore to be feated in the meane, superfluitie comes sooner by white haires, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well follow'd.

Por. If to do were as easie as to know what were good to do, Chappells had beene Churches, and poore mens cottages Princes Pallaces, it is a good divine that followes his owne instructions, I can easier teach twenty vwhat were good to be done, then to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching : the braine may devise lawes for the blood, but a hote temper leapes ore a cold decree, such a hare is madnes the youth, to skip ore the meshes of good counsell the cripple ; but this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband, ô mee the word choose, I may neither choose who I would, nor refuse who I dislike, so is the wil of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father : is it not harde *Nerrissa*, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none.

Ner. Your Father was ever vertuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations, therefore the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and leade, vwhereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love : But vwhat warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suters that are already come?

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Por. I pray thee over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them, and according to my description, levell at my affection.

Ner. First there is the *Neopolitane Prince*.

Por. I, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talke of his horse, and he makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts, that he can shooe him himselfe : I am much afar'd my Ladie his mother plaid false with a Smith.

Ner. Then is there the Countie *Palentine*.

Por. He doth nothing but frowne (as who should say, and you will not have me, choose; he heares merry tales and smiles not; I feare hee will prove the weeping Philosopher vwhen hee growes old, being so full of unmannerly fadnesse in his youth.) I had rather be married to a Deaths-head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these : God defend me from these two.

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, *Mounser Le Boune*?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him passe for a man, in truth I know it is a sin to be a mocker, but hee, why hee hath a horse better than the *Neopolitan*, a better bad habite of frowning than the Count *Palentine*, he is every man in no man ; if a Trassell sing, he straight fals a capering, he will fence with his owne shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands : if he would despise me, I would forgive him ; for if hee love me to madnesse, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to *Fauconbridge*, the young Baron of *England*?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him : he hath neither Latine, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the Court, and sweare that I have a poore penny-worth in the English : he is a proper mans picture, but alas, who can converse with a dumbe show? how odly he is futed, I thinke he bought his doublet in *Italy*, his round hose in *France*, his bonnet in *Germanie*, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What thinke you of the Scottish Lord his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charite in him ; for he borrowed a box of the eare of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him againe when he was able : I thinke the Frenchman became his Suretie, and seal'd under for another.

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Ner. How like you the young Germaine, the Duke of Saxonies nephew?

Por. Very vildly in the morning when hee is sober; and most videly in the afternoone when he is drunke: when he is best, he is a little worse then a man, and when he is worst he is little better then a beast, and the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shifft to goe without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right Casket, you should refuse to performe your Fathers will; if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore for feare of the worst, I pray thee set a deepe glasse of Reynish wine on the contrary Casket, for if the Devill be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will doe any thing Nerrissa ere I wil be married to a sponge.

Ner. You neede not feare Lady the having any of these Lords, they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to returne to their home, and to trouble you vwith no more sute, unlesse you may be wonne by some other sort then your Fathers imposition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If I live to be old as *Sibilla*, I will die as chaste as *Diana*, unlesse I be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of woers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I doat on his very absence: and I pray God grant them a faire departure.

Ner. Doe you not remember Lady, in your Fathers time, a Venetian, a Scholler and a Souldier that came hither in company of the Marquesse of Mountferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Bassanio*, as I thinke so was he call'd.

Ner. True Madam, he of all the men that ever my foolish eies look'd upon, vvas the best deserving a faire Ladie.

Por. I remember him wel, & I remember him worthy of thy How now; what newes? (praise.)

Enter a Servingman.

Ser. This foure strangers secke for you Madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of Moroco, who brings word the Prince his Master will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid thefist welcome with so good heart as I can

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can bid the other foure farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a Devil, I had rather he should shrive me then wive me. Come *Nerrissa*, sirra goe before: whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the doore.

Exeunt.

Enter Bassanio with Shilocke the Jew.

Shy. Three thousand Ducates, well.

Baf. I sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months, well.

Baf. For the which as I told you, *Antonio* shall be bound.

Shy. *Antonio* shall be come bound, vwell.

Baf. May you sted me? Will you pleasure me?

Shall I know your answer.

Shy. Three thousand Ducats for three months, and *Antonio* bound.

Baf. Your answer to that.

Shy. *Antonio* is a good man.

Baf. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Shy. Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying hee is a good man, is to have you understand mee that hee is sufficient, yet his meanes are in supposition; he hath an Argosie bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*, I understand moreover upon the *Rialto*, hee hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*, and other ventures hee hath squandred abroad, but Ships are but boardes, Saylors but men, there be land Rats, and water Rats, water Thieves, and land Thieves, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the perill of waters, vvindes, and Rockes: this man is notwithstanding sufficient; three thousand Ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.

Baf. Be assur'd you may.

Jew. I will be assur'd I may; and that I may be assur'd, I will bethinke me, may I speake with *Antonio*.

Baf. If it please you to dine with us.

Jew. Yes, to smell Porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarit conjured the devil into: I wil buy with you, sell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so following: but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the *Rialto*, who is he comes here.

Baf. This is signior *Antonio*.

Jew. How like a fawning publican he lookes.

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I hate him, for he is a Christian :
But more, for that in low simplicitie
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of usance here with us in *Venice*.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I beare him.
He hates our sacred Nation, and he railles,
Even there vvhile Merchants most doe congregate,
On me, my bargaines, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls Interest : Cursed be my Tribe
If I forgive him. *Bass.* *Skylocke*, doe you heare ?

Shyl. I am debating of my present store,
And by the neere guesse of my memorie,
I cannot instantly raise up the grosse
Of full three thousand Ducats : vwhat of that ?
Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furnish me ; but soft, how many months
Doe you desire ? Rest you faire good Signior,
Your worship vvas the last man in our mouthes.

Ant. *Skylocke*, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of excesse,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
Ile breake a custome : is he yet possesse
How much ye would ? *Shyl.* I, I, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.
Shyl. I had forgot, three months, you told me so.
Well then, your Bond : and let me see, but heare you,
Me thought you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon advantage. *Ant.* I doe never use it.

Shyl. When *Jacob* graz'd his Uncle *Labans* Sheepe,
This *Jacob* from our holy *Abram* vvas
(As his wife Mother vvrrought in his behalfe)
The third Possessor ; I, hee vvas the third.

Ant. And vwhat of him, did he take Interest ?
Shyl. No, not take Interest, not as you would say
Directly Interest ; marke vwhat *Jacob* did,
When *Laban* and himselfe vvas compremiz'd,
That all the Eanelings vvhich vvere streakt and pied

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Should fall as Jacobs hirke, the Ewes being ranke
In end of Autumne, turned to the Rammes;
And vvh'en the worke of generation was
Betweene these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilfull Shepherd pyl'd me certaine vvands;
And in the doing of the deed of kinde,
He stucke them up before the fulsome Ewes,
Who then conceaving, did in taning time
Fall party-colour'd Lambs, and those vvere Jacobs.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is Blessing, if men stalc it not.

Ant. This vvas a venture Sir, that Jacob serv'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
But swaid and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make Interest good,
Or is your gold and silver, Ewes and Rammes?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breed as fast;
But note mee Signior.

Ant. Marke you this, *Bassanio*,
The Devill can cite Scripture for his purpose;
An evill soule producing holy vvitness,
Is like a villaine with a smiling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly out-side Falshood hath!

Shy. Threes thousand Ducats, it's a good round Sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well *Shylocke*, shall we be beholding to you?
Shy. Signior *Anthonio*, many a time and oft,
In the Ryalto, you have rated mee
About my monies and my usances,
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug:
(For suffrance is the badge of all our Tribe)
You call me mis-beleever, cut-throat dog,
And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that vwhich is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you need my helpe:
Go to then, you come to me, and you say,
Shylocke, we would have monies, you say so:

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You that did voyd your rhume upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurne a stranger curre
Over your threshold : monyes is your sute ;
What should I say to you ? Should I not say,
Hath a Dog money ? is it possible,
A Curre can lend three thousand Ducats ? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key,
With bated breath, and whispering humblenesse
Say this : Faire sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last,
You spurn'd me such a day another time,
You call'd me Dogge : and for these curtesies
He lend you thus much monyes.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe,
To spet on the againe, to spurne thee to yd b' holding backe with me
If thou wilt lend this moncy, lend it not to thy selfe
As to thy friends : for which did friendship take
A breed for barren metallof his friend ?
But lend it rather to thine Enemy,
Who if hee breake, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty. *Sby.* Why looke you how you storne,
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doyt
Of Vsance for my moncyes, and youle nor heare me !
This is kind I offer. *Ant.* This were kindnesse.

Sby. This kindnesse will I shew :
Goe with mee to a Notarie, scale me there
Your single Bond, and in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such summe or summes as are
Exprest in the Condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an eequall pound
Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content infaith, He scale to such a Bond,
And say there is much kindnesse in the Jew.

Baff. You shall not scale to such a Bond for me,
He rather dwelle in my necessitie.

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Ant. Why feare not man, I will not forfeit it : Within these two months, that's a month before This Bond expires, I doe expect returme Of thrice three times the value of this Bond.

Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians are, Whose owne hard dealings teaches them suspect The thoughts of others : Pray you tell me this, If he should breake his day, what should I gaine By the exaction of the forfeiture ? A pound of mans flesh taken from a man, Is not so estimable, profitable neither, As flesh of Muttons, Beeses, or Goates; I say, To buy his favour, I extend this friendship : If he will take it, so, if not, adiew, And for my love I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes Shylocke, I will seal unto this Bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the Notaries, Give him direction for this merry Bond, And I will goe and purse the Ducats strait, See to my house left in the fearefull guard Of an unthrifte knave, and presently Ile be with you. *Exit.* *Ant.* Hie thee gentle Jew. The Hebrew will turne Christian, he growes kinde.

Bass. I like not faire termes, and a villaines minde.

Ant. Come on, in this there can be no dismay, My ships come home a month before the day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Morochus, a tawny Moore all in white, and three or four followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerissa, & their traine.

Moroc. Mislike me not for my Complexion, The shadowed Livery of the burnisht Sunne, To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred. Bring me the fayrest Creature North-ward borne, Where Phabus fire scarce thawes the yficles, And let us make incision for your loue, To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine. I tell thee Lady, this aspect of mine Hath fear'd the valiant; (by my Love I sweare)

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The best regarded Virgins of our Clime
Have lov'd it too : I vwould not change this hue,
Except to steale your thoughts , my gentle Queene.

Por. In termes of choise , I am not solely led
By nice direction of a Maidens eyes :
Besides , the Lotterie of my Destinie
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing :
But if my Father had not scanted mee ,
And hedg'd me by his vvit , to yeeld my selfe
His wife , who wins me by that meanes I told you ;
Your selfe (renowned Prince) then stood as faire
As any commer I have look'd on yet ,
For my affection. *Mor.* Even for that I thank you ,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets

To try my fortune : By this *Symptare*
That slew the *Sophy* , and a Persian Prince ,
That won three fields of *Sulean Solzman* ;
I would ore-stare the sternest eyes that looke ,
Out-brave the Heart most daring on the earth ,
Plucke the young sucking Cubs from the she-Beare ;
Yea , mock the Lyon vvh'en a rores for pray ,
To win the Lady. But alas , the while
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice ,
Which is the better man , the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand :
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage ,
And so may I , blind Fortune leading me ,
Miss that which one unworthier may attaine ,
And die with grieving. *Por.* You must take your chance ,
And either not attempt to choose at all ,
Or sweare before you choose , if you choosc wrong ,
Never to speake to Lady afterward
In way of marriage ; therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not come , bring me unto my chance .

Por. First , forward to the Temple , after dinner
Your hazzard shall be made .

Mor. Good fortune then ,
To make me blest or cursed amongst men .

Exeunt.

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Enter the Cloune alone.

Cloune. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to runne from this Iewe my Master: the fiend is at my elbow, and temps me, saying to me, *Iobbe, Lanneleſt Iobbe, good Lancelet, or good Iobbe,* or good *Lanneleſt Iobbe,* ſe your legges, take the ſtarke, runne away; my conscience ſayes no, take heede honest *Lancelet,* take heede honest *Iobbe,* or as aforeſaide honest *Lanneleſt Iobbe,* doe not runne, ſcorne running with thy heelles; well, the moſt coragiouſe fiend bids me packe, ſia ſayes the fiend, away ſayes the fiend, for the heavens rouse up a brave minde ſayes the fiend, and runne; well, my conscience hanging about the necke of my heart, ſayes very wiſely to me: my honest friend *Lancelet* being an honest mans ſonne, or rather an honest womans ſonne; for indeede my Father did ſomething ſmacke, ſomething grow to; he had a kind of taſt; well, my conscience ſayes *Lanneleſt bouge not,* bouge ſayes the fiend, bouge not ſayes my conscience; conſcience, ſay I, you counſell well, fiend, ſay I, you counſell well, to be rul'd by my conſcience, I ſhould ſtay with the Iewe my Maſter, (who God bleſſe the marke) is a kinde of devill; and to runne away from the Iew, I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who ſaving your reverencē is the devill himſelfe: certainly the Iew is the very devill incarnation, and in my conſcience, my conſcience is but a kinde of hard conſcience, to offer to counſaile me to ſtay with the Iewe, the fiend gives the moſe friendly counſaile: I will runne fiend, my heelles are at your commandement, I will ruane.

Enter old Gobbo with a basket.

Gobbo. Maſter young-man, you I pray you, which is the way to maſter Iewes?

Lanneleſt. O heavens, this is my true begotteſ Father, who being more then ſand blinde, high gravell blinde, knowes me not; I will try conſuſions with him.

Gobbo. Maſter young Gentleman, I pray you which is the way to Maſter Iewes.

Lanneleſt Turne up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the very next turning turne of no hand, but turne downe indirectly to the Iewes house.

The Comicall Historie of

Gob. Be Gods founties twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell me whether one *Launcelet* that dwells with him, dwell with him or no.

Launcelet. Talke you of young Master *Launcelet*, marke mee nowe, now will I raise the vwater; talke you of young Master *Launcelet*.

Gobbo. No Master sir, but a poore mans Sonne, his Father though I sayt is an honest exceeding poore man, and God bee thanked well to live.

Launc. Well, let his Father be what a will, we talke of young Master *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your vvorships friend and *Launcelet* sir.

Launc. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talke you of young Master *Launcelet*?

Gob. Of *Launcelet* ant shall please your worship.

Launc. Ergo, Master *Launcelet*, talke not of Master *Launcelet* Father, for the young Gentleman according to Fates and Destinies, and such odd sayings, the Sisters three, and such branches of learning, is indeede deceased, or as you would say in plaine termes, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid, the boy was the very staffe of my age, my very prop.

Launc. Doe I looke like a cudgell, or a hovell post, a staffe, or a prop: doe you know me Father?

Gobbo. Alacke the day, I knowe you not young Gentleman, but I pray you tell mee, is my boy, God rest his soule, alive or dead.

Launc. Doe you not know me Father?

Gob. Alack sir I am Sand-blind, I know you not.

Launcelet. Nay, indeede if you had your eyes you might faile of the knowing of me: it is a wise Father that knowes his owne childe. VVell, old man, I will tell you newes of your Sonne, give mee your blessing, truth will come to light, murder cannot bee hidde long, a mans Sonne may, but in the ende, truth will out.

Gobbo. Pray you sir stand up, I am sure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

Launce. Pray you let's have no more fooling, about it, but give mee

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mee your blessing? I am Launcelet your boy that was, your sonne
that is, your childe that shall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my Sonne.

Launc. I know not what I shall thinke of that; but I am
Launcelet the Iewes man, and I am sure Margerie your wife is my
mother.

Gob. Her name is Margerie in deede, ile be sworne, if thou be
Launcelet, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worshippe
micht he be, what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more haire
on thy chinne, then Dobbin my phil-horse has on his taile.

Launc. It shoulde seeme then that Dobbins taile growes back-
ward. I am sure he had more haire of his taile then I have of my
face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou changd: how dost thou and thy Ma-
ster agree, I have brought him a present; how gree you now?

Launc. Well, well, but for mine own part, as I have set up my
rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have ruane some ground;
my Master's a very Iewe, give him a present, give him a halter, I
am famisht in his service. You may tell every finger I have with
my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, give me your present to
one Master Bassanio, who indeede gives rare new Liveries, if I
serve not him, I will runne as farre as God has any ground. O rare
fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Iewe if I
serve the Iewe any longer.

Enter Bassanio with a follower or two.

Baf. You may doe so, but let it be so hasted that supper be ready
at the farthest by five of the clocke: see these Letters delivered,
put the Liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anone to
my ledging.

Launc. To him Father.

Gob. God blesse your worship.

Baff. Gramercie, wouldst thou ought with me?

Gob. Heere's my Sonne sir, a poore boy.

Launc. Not a poore boy sir, but the rich Iews man, that would
sir, as my Father shall specific.

Gob. He hath a great infection sir, as one would say to serve.

Laun. Indeede the short and the long is, I serve the Iew, and
have a desire as my Father shall specific.

The Comicall Historie of

Gob. His Master and he (saving your worships reverence) are scarce catercosins.

Lauu. To be briefe, the very truth is, that the Iew having done me wrong, doth cause me as my father being I hope as old man shall frutifie unto you.

Gob. I have heere a dish of Doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my sute is:

Lauu. In very briefe, the fuit is impertinent to my selfe, as your worship shall know by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

Baf. One speake for both, what would you?

Lauu. Serve you sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter sir.

Baf. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy sute,
Shylocke thy Master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferd thee, if it bee preferment
To leave a rich Lewes service, to become
The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

Clowne. The old proverb is very well parted between my Ma-
ster *Shylocke* and you sir, you have the grace of God sir, and bee-
hath enough.

Baf. Thou speakest it well; goo Father with thy Sonne,
Take leave of thy old Master, and enquire
My lodgинг out: give him a Livery
More garded then his fellowes: see it done.

Clowne. Father in, I cannot get a service, no, I have heere a tong
in my head: Well, if any man in *Italy* have a fayrer table which
doth offer to sweare upon a booke, I shall have good fortune; go
too, heere's a simple lyne of life, heeres a small trifle of wives, a-
las, fifteene wives is nothing; a leven widdowes and nine maides
is a simple comming in for oae man, and then to scape drowning
thrice, and to be in perrill of my life with the edge of a featherbed
here are simple scapes: well, if Fortune be a woman she's a good
wench for this gere: Father come, I'lle take my leave of the Iew in
the twinkling.

Exit Clowne.

Baf. I pray thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this,
These things being bought and orderly bestowed,
Returne in hast, for I doe feast to night

My

THE CASKETTAKE OF VENICE

My best esteemd acquaintance, hit thee, goe. Didst do it for thy self?
Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein. Exit Leon.

Enter Gratiano

Gra. Where's your Master? Leon. Yonder sith he walkes.

Grati. Signior Bassanio. Bas. Gratiano, I leide mid evill

Gra. I have a suit to you. Bas. You have obtaind it.

Gra. You must not deny me, I must goe with you to Belmonte.

Bas. VVhy then you must, but heare me Gratiano,

Thou art too wild, to rude, and bold of voice,

Parts that become thee happily enough, ob strain his l. gratiano

And in such eyes as ours appeare not faults: t'wre ab prudencem of bob

But where thou art not known, why there they shew:

Something too liberall; pray thet take paine

To allay with some cold drops of modestie

Thy skipping spirit, least through hithy wild behaviour

I be misconfred in the place I goe to,

And lose my hope. Gra. Signior Bassanio, heare me,

If I doe not put on a sober habite,

Talke with respect, and sweare but now and then,

VVeare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,

Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine eyes,

Thus with my hat, and sigh and say Amen, shol you be auillig

Vse all the observance of civility,

Like one well studied in a fad ostent

To please his Grandam, never trust me more.

Bas. VWell, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I barre to night, you shall not gage me,

By what we doe to night. Bas. No, that were pitty,

I would intreat you rather to put on

Your boldest suite of mirth, for we have friends

That purpose merriment: but fare you well,

I have some busines.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest,

But we will visit you at suppetime. Exeunt.

Enter Jessica and the Clowne.

Jef. I am sorry thou wilt leave my Father so

Our house is hell, and thou a merry Devil.

The Comicall Historie of

Didst rob it of some taste of tediousnesse, i suppose mē so fild yM
But fare thee well; there is a Dicace for thee,
And Lanneleter, soone at supper shal thou see
Lorenso, who is thy new Masters guest, M my selfe I
Give him this Letter, doe it secretly, . and goingis i
And so farewell. I would not have my Father
See me in talke with thee. sum 1. am ymb con fens uY and

Clowne, Adiew, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull Pa-
gan, most sweet Iewe; if a Christian doe not play the Knave and
get thee, I am much deceipted; but adiew, these foolish drops
doe something drowne my manly spirit: adiew. *Exit.*

Ies. Farewell good *Lanneleter*, woul sonys bid you w and
Alacke, what heinous sinne is it in me
To be ashamed to bee my Fathers child,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: & *Lorenso*, only oys n be shamed I
If thou keepe promise I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy loving wife. *Exit.*

Enter *Gratiano*, *Lorenso*, *Salaryno*, and *Salanio*.

Loren. Nay, we will slinke away in Supper time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.

Grat. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of Torch-bearers.

Salan. Tis vyle unlesse it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not undertooke.

Loren. Tis now but foure of clocke, we have two houres
To furnaish vs; friend *Lanneleter* what's the newes.

Enter *Lanneleter*.

Lanneleter. And it shall please you to breake up this, it shall
seeme to signifie.

Loren. I know the hand, in faith tis a faire hand,
And whiter then the paper it writ on
Is the faire hand that writ. *Grat.* Love, newes in faith.

Launc. By your leave sir. *Loren.* Whither goest thou,

Launc. Marry sir, to bid my olde Master the Iewe to sup to
night with my new Master the Christian.

Loren. Hold here, take this, tell gentle *Jessica*
I will

the Merchant of Venice.

I will not faile her, speake it privatly.
Good Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to night,
I am provided of a Torch-bearer, *Exit Clowne.*

Salar. I marry, Ile be gone about it straite.

Salan. And so will I.

Loren. Meete me and Gratiano, at Gratianos lodging
Some houre hence. *Salar.* Tis good we doe so. *Exit*

Grat. Was not that Letter from faire Jessica.

Loren. I must needs tell thee all, she hath directed
How I shall take her from her Fathers house,
What gold and jewels she is furnisht with,
What Pages sute shee bath in readinesse :
If ere the Lewe her Father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughters sake,
And never dare misfortune cross her foote,
Vnlesse she doe it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithlesse Lewe :
Come goe with me, peruse this as thou goest,
Faire Jessica shall be my Torch-bearer. *Exit*

Enter Lewe and his man that was the Clowne.

Lew. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylocke and Bassanio ;
What Jessica, thou shalt not gurmandize
As thou hast done with me : what Jessica,
And sleepe, and snore, and rend apparel out.
Why Jessica I say. *Clowne.* VVhy Jessica.

Shy. VVho bids thee call ? I doe not bid thee call.

Clow. Your worship was wont to tell me, I could doe nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jessica. Call you ? what is your will ?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper Jessica,
There are my keyes : but wherefore should I goe ?
I am not bid for love, they flatter me,
But yet Ile goe in hate, to feed upon
The prodigall Christian. Jessica my girle,
Looke to my house, I am right loth to goe,

There

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There is some ill a bruing towards my reft, and slyt you llw I
For I did dreame of money baggs to night.

Clowne. I beseech you sir goe, my young Master
dorh expect your reproach.

Shy. So doe I his.

Clowne. And they have conspired together, I will not say you
shall see a Masked, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that
my nose fell a bleeding on blacke monday last, at fixe a clocke i th'
morning, falling out that yere on ashweniday was foure yeare in
th'afternoone.

Shy. What are there maskes? heare you me *Jeffica*,
Locke up my doores, and when you heare the drumme,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neckt Fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the publique streete,
To gaze on Christian fooles with varnish'd faces:
But stop my houses eares, I meane my casements,
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By *Jacobs* Raffe I sweare,
I have no minde of feasting forth to night:
But I will goe: goe you before me silla,
Say I will come. *Clowne.* I will goe before sir.
Mistres looke out at window for all this,
There will come a Christian by
Will be worth a Iewes eye.

Shy. What sayes that foole of *Hagars* off-spring? ha.

Ief. His words were farewell, mistris, nothing els.

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder,
Snaile-slow in profit, and he sleepes by day
More then the wilde-Cat: drones live not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to wast
His borrowed purse. Well *Jeffica* goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immetiatly,
Doe as I bid you, shut doores after you, fast binde, fast finde.
A Proverbe never stale in thrifte minde.

Exit.

Ief. Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a Father, you a daughter lost.

Exit.

Enter

the Merchant of Venice.

Enter the *Musketeers*, Gratiano and Salerino.

Grat. This is the penthouse under which *Lorenso*,
D'fired us to make stand. *Saler.* His houre is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvell he out-dwells his houre,
For Lovers ever runne before the clocke.

Saler. O tenne times faster *Venus* pigeons flye
To seale Loves bonds new made, then they are wont,
To keepe obliged faith unforfeited.

Gra. That ever holds : who riseth from a feast
With that keene appetite that he sits downe ?
Where is the horse that doth untread againe
His teadious measures, with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first : all things that are,
Are with more spirit chased then enjoyd.
How like a younger, or a prodigall,
The skarfed Barke puts from her native Bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind,
How like the Prodigall doth she returne
With over-weatherd ribbs and ragged sailes,
Leane, rent, and begger'd by the strumpet wind ?

Enter *Lorenso*.

Saler. Heere comes *Lorenso*, more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode,
Not I, but my affaires, have made you waite :
When you shall please to play the theeves for wives,
Ile watch as long for you then : approach,
Here dwels my Father Jew. Hoe, whose within ?

Ieffe above.

Ief. Who are you ? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile sweare that I doe know your tongue.

Lor. *Lorenso* and thy Love.

Ief. *Lorenso* certaine, and my Love indeed,
For who love I so much ? and now who knowes
But you *Lorenso*, whether I am yours ?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witnesse that thou art.

Ief. Here catch this Casket, it is worth the paines,
I am glad tis night you doe not looke on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange :

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But Love is blind, and Lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit :
For if they could, *Cupid* himselfe would blush,
To see me thus trans-formed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my Torch-bearer.

Ies. What, must I hold a candle to my shames ?
They in themselves goodsooth are too too light.

Why, tis an office of discovery, Loue ,
And I should be obscur'd. *Lor.* So are you sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy ; but come at once,
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stayd for at *Bassanios* Feast.

Ies. I will make fast the doores, and guild my selfe
With some moe ducats, and be with you straight.

Grat. Now by my Hood a Gentile, and no Iew.

Lor. Beshow me but I love her heartily.
For shee is wise, if I can judge of her,
And faire shee is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true shee is, as shee hath proov'd her selfe:
And therefore like her selfe, wise, fayre and true,
Shall shee be placed in my constant soule. *Enter Iessica.*
What art thou come? on Gentlemen, away,
Our Masking mates by this time for us stay. *Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Whose there?

Grat. Signior Anthonio?

Anth. Fie, fie *Gratiano*, where are all the rest?
Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you:
No Maske to night, the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will goe abourd.
I have sent twenty out to seeke for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I desire no more delight,
Then to be under-sayle, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with Morocco, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aside the Curtaines, and discover
The severall Caskets to this noble Prince :
Now make your choyse.

Mor. This

the Merchant of Venice.

Mor. This first of gold, who this Incription bears,
Who chuseth me, shall gaine what many men desire.
The second Silver, which this promise carries,
Who chooseth mee, shall get as much as hee deserves.
This third dull Lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chuseth mee, must give and hazard all hee hath.
How shall I know if I doe chuse the right?

Por. The one of them containes my picture, Prince,
If you choose that, then I am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my judgement; let me see,
I will survay th'incriptions backe againe:

What sayes this Leaden Casket?

Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.

Must give, for what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This Casket threatens men that hazard all,

Doe it in hope of faire Advantages:

A golden minde stoopes not to shewes of drosse,

Ile then nor give nor hazard ought for lead.

What sayes the Silver with her Virgin hue?

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

As much as he deserves: pause there Morocho,

And weigh thy value with an even hand:

If thou beeſt rated by thy estimation,

Thou doſt deſerve enough, and yet enough

May not extend ſo farre as to the Lady:

And yet to be afraid of my deſerving

Were but a weake diſabling of my ſelfe.

As much as I deſerve; why that's the Lady.

I do in birth deſerve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding:

But more then theſe, in love I do deſerve;

What if I ſtrайд no farther, but chose heere?

Lets ſee once more this ſaying grav'd in gold:

Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire;

Why that's the Lady, all the world deſires her,

From the fourc corners of the earth they come

To kiffe this ſhrine, this mortall breathing Saint.

The Hircanian deserts, and the vastie wildes

The Comitall Historie of

Of wilde *Arabia* are as through-fares now,
For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.

The watrie Kingdome, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heaven, is no barre
To stop the forraine spirits, but they come,
As ore a brooke, to see faire *Portia*.

One of these three containes her heavenly Picture.

Ist like that Lead containes her? 'twere damnation

To thinke so base a thought; it were too grosse

To ribb her searecloth in the obscure grave:

Or shall I thinke in silver shee's immur'd,

Being ten times undervalewed to tryde gold.

O sinfull thought, never so rich a Jem

Was set in worse then gold. They have in *England*

A Coyne that beares the figure of an Angell

Stamp't in Gold, but that's insculpt upon:

But heere an Angell in a golden Bed

Lyes all within. Deliver me the Key,

Here doe I choose, and thrive I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince; and if my forme lie there,
Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell! what have we heare, a carrion death,
Within whose emptie eye there is a written scroule?
He reade the writing.

All that glifters is not gold.

Often have you heard that told,

Many a man his life hath sold,

Bat my out-side to behold;

Gilded Timber doe wormes infold;

Had you been as wise as bold,

Young in limbes, in judgement old,

Your answere had not been inscrolld.

Fare yee well, your sute is cold.

Mor. Cold indeed, and labour lost,
Then farewell heate, and welcome frost:
Portia adiew, I have too greev'd a heart,
To take a tedious leave: thus looſers part.

Exit.

Port.

the Merchant of Venice.

Port. A gentle riddance, draw the curtaines, go,
Let all of his complection choose me so. *Exeunt.*

Enter Salarino and Solanio.

Sal. VVhy man I saw *Baffanio* under sayle,
VVith him is *Grationo* gone along;
And in their Ship I am sure *Lorenso* is not.

Sola. The villaine Jew with out-cries raised the Duke,

VVho went with him to search *Baffanios* Ship.

Sal. He came too late, the Ship was under Saile,
But there the Duke was given to understand,
That in a Gondylo were seene together
Lorenso and his amorous *Jessica*.
Besides, *Anthonio* certified the Duke
They were not with *Baffanio* in his Ship.

Solan. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outragious, and so variable,
As the dogge Iewe did utter in the streets;
My daughter, ô my Ducats, ô my Daughter!
Fled with a Christian, ô my Christian Ducats.
Justice, the Law, my Ducats, and my Daughter,
A sealed bagge, two sealed baggs of Ducats,
Of double Ducats, stolne from me by my daughter,
And Iewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolne by my Daughter: Justice, finde the girle,
Shee hath the stones upon her, and the Ducats.

Salar. Why, all the boyes in *Venice* follow him,
Crying his Stones, his Daughter, and his Ducats.

Solan. Let good *Anthonio* looke he keepe his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Solar. Marry well remembred;
I reasoned with a Frenchman yesterday.
Who told me, in the narrow Seas that part
The French and English, there miscaried
A Vessel of our Countrey richly fraught,
I thought upon *Anthonio* when he told me,
And wisht in silence that it were not his.

Sol. You were best to tell *Anthonio* what you heare,

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Yet do not suddenly, for it may greeve him.

Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,
I saw Bassanio and *Antonio* part,
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his returne: he answered, do not so,
Slumber not businesse for my sake Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time,
And for the Iewes bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your minde of love:
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To Courtship, and such faire ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there,
And even there his eye being big with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

Sol. I think he onely loves the world for him,
I pray thee let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Sal. Do we so:

Exeunt.

Enter *Nerrissa* and a Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain strait,
The Prince of Arragen hath tane his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter *Arragon*, his traine and *Portia*.

Per. Behold, there stand the Caskets noble Prince,
If you choose that wherein I am containid,
Straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:
But if you faile, without more speech my Lord
You must be gone from hence immedately.

Arra. I am enioynd by oath to observe threethings,
First, never to unfold to any one
Which Casket twas I chose; next, if I faile
Of the right Casket, never in my life
To wooca maide in way of marriage;

Lastly

the Merchant of Venice.

Lastly, if I do fail in fortune of my choyse,
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth sweare
That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.

Arr. And so have I addrest me; fortune now
To my hearts hope : gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke fairer ere I give or hazard.
What sayes the golden cheft, ha, let me see,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire,
What many men desire, that many may be meant
By the foole multitude that choose by shew,
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to th'inheritour, but like the Martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and rode of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jumpe with common spirits,
And ranke me with the Barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou silver treasure house,
Tell me once more what title thou doest beare ;
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;
And well said to ; for who shall go about
To couzen Fortune, and be honourable,
Without the stamp of merit, let none presume
To weare an undeserved dignity :
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that cleare honour and I
Were purchast by the merit of the wearer,
How many then should cover that stand bare ?
How many be commanded that command ?
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seed of honour ? and how much honour
Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times,
To be new varnished ; well, but to my choyse.
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;
I will assume desert ; give me a key for this,
And instantly unlocke my fortunes like a

The Comicall Historie of

Portia. Too long a pause for that which you finde there.

Arag. VVhat's here ! the pourtrair of a blinking Ideot,
Presenting me a Scedule : I will reade it.
How much unlike art thou to *Portia*?
How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings?
Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more than a fooles head?
Is that my prize ? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend and judge are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures. *Arag.* VVhat is here ?

The Fire seven times tried this,
Seven times tryed that judgement is,
That did never choose amisse :
Some there be that shadowes kisse ;
Such have bnt a shadowes blisse.
There be fooles alive I wis,
Silver'd o're, and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head :
So be gone, you are sped.

Arag. Still more foole I shall appear
By the time I linger here :
With one fooles head I came to wood,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adiew, Ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my wroth.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moath:
O these deliberate fooles, when they doe choose,
They have their wisdom by their wit to loose.

Ner. The ancient faying is no herfic,
Hanging and wiving goes by destinie.

Por. Come draw the cuertaine *Ner* if she be foyld more

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Where is my Lady ?

Por. Here, what would my Lord ?

Mess. Madam, there is a lighted at your gate.

A young

the Merchant of Venice.

A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify th' approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets ;
To wit, (besides commands and curious breath)
Gifts of rich value ; yet I have not seen
So likely an Embassador of love.

A day in April never came so sweet
To shew how costly Summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

Portia. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-feard
Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee,
Thou spendst such high day wit in praying him :
Come, come, *Nerissa*, for I long to see
Quicke Cupids Post that comes so mannerly.

Nerissa. *Bassanio*, Lord, Love if thy will it be.

Exeunt:

Solanio and Salarino.

Solanio. Now what newes on the Ryalto ?

Salarino. Why yet it lives there uncheckt, that *Antonio* hath a
ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow seas ; the Goodwins I
thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatall, where
the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they lay, if my Gossip
Report be an honest woman of her word.

Solanio. I would she were as lying a Gossip in that, as ever
knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleive she wept for the
death of a third husband : but it is true, without any slips of pro-
lixity, or crossing the plain high way of talke, that the good ~~Anthonio~~
Antonio, the honest *Antonio* ; O that I had a title good enough to
keepe his name company.

Salarino. Come, the full stop.

Solanio. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salarino. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Solanio. Let me say Amen betimes, lest the Devill cross my
prayer, for heere he comes in the likeness of a lew. How now
Shylocke, what newes among the Merchants ? *Enter Shylocke.*

Shy. You knew none so well, none so well, as you, of my daugh-
ters flight.

Salarino. Thats certaine, I for my part knew the Taylor that
made the wings she flew withall,

The Comicall Historie of

Solan. And Shylock for his own part knew the bird was fledge,
and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damnd for it.

Salar. Thats certaine, if the Devill may be her Judge.

Shy. My own flesh and bloud to rebell.

Sola. Out upon it old Carrion, rebels it at these yeares.

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and my bloud.

Solari. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers,
then between Jet and Ivorie, more between your blouds, then
there is between Red wine and Rennish: but tell us, do you heare
whether Anthonio have had any losse at sea or no?

Sby. There I have another bad match, a bankrour, a prodigall,
who dare scarce shew his head on the Ryal to, a beggar that was
usd to come to smug upon the Mart: let him looke to his bond,
he was wont to call me Usurer, let him looke to his bond, he was
wont to lend money for a Christian cursie, let him looke to his
bond.

Salar. Why I am sure if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his
flesh, what's that good for?

Shyl. To bait fish withall, if it will feed nothing else, it will
feed my revenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a
million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gaines, scorned my Na-
tion, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine ene-
mies, and what's his rason, I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes, hath
not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions,
fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to
the same diseases, healed by the same meanes, warmed and cooled
by the same Winter and Summer as a Christian is: if you prick us,
do we not bleed, if you tickle us, do we not laugh; if you poison
us, do we not die, and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge, if we
are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew
wrong a Christian, what is his humility, revenge? If a Christian
wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian exam-
ple, why revenge? The villany you teach me, I will execute, and
it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

To be continued in the next page

the Merchant of Venice.

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my Master Anthonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salerio. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tuball.

Solanio. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot be matcht, unless the Devill himselfe turne Iew. Exeunt Gentlemen.

Shy. How now Tuball, what newes from Genowfa, hast thou found my daughter?

Tuball. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot find her.

Shylocke. Why there, there, there, there, a Diamond gone cost me two thousand Ducats in Franckford, the curse never fell upon our Nation till now, I never felt it till now, two thousand Ducats is that, and other precious, precious jewels; I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her eare: would she were heurst at my foot, and the Ducats in her Coffin: no news of them, why so? and I know not whats spent in the search: why thou losse upon losse, the theefe gone with so much, and so much to find the theefe, and no satisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck stirring but what lights a my shoulders, no sighs, but a my breathing, no teares but a my shedding.

Tuball. Yes, other men have ill lucke to, Anthonio, as I heard, is in Genowfa.

Shy. What, whar, what, ill lucke, ill lucke.

Tuball. Hath an Argosie cast away comming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God, is it true, is it true.

Tuball. I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped the wrak.

Shy. I thank thee good Tuball, good newes, good newes; ha, ha, heere in Genowfa.

Tuball. Your daughter spent in Genowfa, as I heard, one night fourescore Ducats.

Shy. Thou stickst a dagger in me, I shall never see my gold againe, fourescore Ducats at a sitting, fourescore Ducats.

Tuball. There came divers of Anthonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that sweare he cannot chuse but breake;

The Comicall Historie of

Shy. I am very glad of it, I'll plague him, I'll torture him, I am glad of it.

Tuball. One of them shewed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a Monk.

Shy. Out upon her, thou torturest me *Tuball*, it was my Turkies, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Bachelor : I would not have given it for a wildernes of Monkies.

Tuball. But *Antonio* is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, go *Tuball*, see me an Officer, bespeak him a fortnight before, I will have the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice I can make what merchandize I will : go *Tuball*, and meet me at our Synagogue, go good *Tuball*, at our Synagogue *Tuball*.

Exeunt.

Enter *Bassanio*, *Portia*, *Gratiano*, and all
their traines.

Portia. I pray you tarry, pause a day or two.
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
I loose your company ; therefore forbear a while,
There's something tells me (but it is not love)
I would not loose you, and you know your selfe,
Hate counsels not in such a quality ;
But lest you should not understand me well,
And yet a maid hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detain you here some moneth or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forswornt,
So will I never be, so may you miss me,
But if you do, youle make me with a fime,
That I had been forsworn : Betray your eyes,
They have ore-lookt me and divided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine own I would say : But if mine then yours,
And so all yours ; O these naughty times
Puts barriers between the owners and their rights,
And so though yours, not yours, (prove it so)
Let Fortune go to hell, not I.
I speak too long, but tis to peize the time,

To

The Merchant of Venice.

To eech it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me chuse,
For as I am, I live upon the rache.

Por. Upon the rache *Bassanio*, then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me feare th'injoying of my Love,
There may as well be amity and life
Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. I, but I feare you speake upon the rache
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and ile confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. Confesse and love.

Had been the very summe of my confession :

O hapyy torment wher my torturer

Doth teach the awnswers for deliverance ;

But let me to my fortune and the Caskecs.

Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you do love me, you will finde me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloofe,
Let musicke sound while he doth make his choyse,
Then if he loose he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in musicke. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the streame,
And watry death-bed for him : he may win,
And what is musicke then ? Then musicke is
Even as the flourish, wher true subjects bowe
To a new crowned Monarch : Such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming Bride-gromes care,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no lesse presence, but with much more love
Then young *Alcides*, wher he did redeme
The virgine tribute, payed by howling Troy
To the Sea monster : I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloofe are the Dardanis wives :

The Comical History of

With bleared vantages come forth to view what or what loss of
The issue of th' exploit : Go Hercules, no false face I voy yest o' t
Live thou, I live with much, much more dismey, *act 1. sc. 1.*
I view the fight, then thou that mak'st the fray, *act 1. sc. 1.*

A Song the whilf Baffario comments on the Caskets,
to himself.

Tell me where is fancy bred; if in the head, it did
Or in the heart, or in the head; I wised how as you wised.
How begot, born nourished? **Replies**, rapier, out now! T
It is engendred in the eye, **Replies**, out now! T
With gazing fed, and Fancy died, **Replies**, out now! T
In the Cradle where it lies, it has still an hundred Eyes.
Let us all ring Fancies knell, **Replies**, out now! T
Ile begin it.

Ding dong bell, off to go van to come to go

All. Ding dong bell. O pesca comemos a pescada jolente

the Merchant of Venice.

Upon supposed fairenesse, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea : the beauteous scarfe
Vailing an Indian beauty ; In a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wisest. Therefore then, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
Tween man and man : but thou, thou meager lead
Which rather threatnest then dost promise ought,
Thy palenesse moves me more then eloquence,
And heere chuse I, joy be the consequence.

Por. How all the other passions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd despaires,
And shyddring feare, and green-eyed jealousie.
O love be moderate, allay thy extasie,
In measure reine thy joy, scant this excessie,
I feele too much thy blessing, make it keepe,
For feare I surfeit.

Bass. What find I heere ?
Faire Portias counterfeit. What demy God
Hath come so neere creation ? move these eyes
Or whether riding on the bals of mine
Seeme they in motion ? Here are sever'd lips
Parted with suger breath, so sweet a barre
Should sunder such sweet friends : heere in her haires
The Painter playes the Spyder, and hath woven
A golden mesh t'intrap the hearts of men
Faster then gnats in Cobwebs; but her eyes,
How could he see to do them ? having made one,
Me thinks it should have power to steale both his,
And leave it selfe unfurnisht : Yet looke how farre
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In under prising it, so farre this shadow
Doth limpe behind the substance. Heres the scowle,
The continent and summarie of my fortune,

Tom

The Comicall Historie of

You that chuse not by the vion
Chance as faire, and chuse as true :
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seeke no new.
If you be well please with this,
And hold your fortune for your blisse,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a loving kisse.

A gentle scroule : Faire Lady, by your leave,
I come by note to give, and to receave;
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eyes :
Hearing applause and vniversal shour,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt,
Whether those peakes of praise be his or no :
So thrice faire Lady stand I, even so,
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,
Untill confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me Lord Bassanio where I stand,
Such as I am ; though for my selfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish
To wish my selfe much better; yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my selfe,
A thousand times more faire, ten thousand times
More rich, that onely to stand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account : but the full summe of me
Is summe of something : which to terme in grosse,
Is an unlesson'd Girle, unschool'd, unpracticed;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learne ; happier then this,
She is not bred so dull, but she can learne ;
Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit
Commits it selfe to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Govermour, her King.
My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted, But now I was the Lord

the Merchant of Venice.

Of this faire mansion, master of my servans,
Queene ore my selfe : and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same my selfe
Are yours, my Lord , I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, loose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruine of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Onely my bloud speakes to you in my vaines,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some Oration fairely spoke
By a beloved Prince, there doth appeare
Among the buzzing pleased multitude.
Where every something being blent together,
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, save of joy
Exprest, and not exprest : but when this Ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from bence,
O then be bold to say *Bassanio's* dead.

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy, good joy, my Lord and Lady,

Gra. My Lord *Bassano*, and my gentle Lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish :
For I am sure you can wish none from me :
And when your honours meane to solemnize
The bargaine of y our faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married to.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Grat. I thanke your Lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes my Lord can looke as swift as yours :
You saw the mistres, I beheld the maid :
You lov'd, I lov'd for intermission.
No more pertains to me my Lord then you ;
Your fortune stood upon the Casket there,
And so did mine to as the matter faille :
For wooing heere untill I swot againe,
And swearing till my very rough was dry
With oathes of love, at last, if promise last

The Comicall Historie of

I got a promise of this faire one heere
To have her love : provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her mistres.

Por. Is this true *Nerrissa*?

Ner. Madam it is, so you stand please d withall.

Bass. And do you *Gratiano* mean good faith?

Gra. Yes faith my Lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured in your mariage.

Gra. Weel play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

No, we shall nere win at that sport and stake downe.

But who comes heere? *Lorenzo*, and his Infidell? I haue him by
What, and my old Venecian friend *Salerio*?

Enter *Lorenzo*, *Jessica*, and *Salerio*.

from Venice.

Bassa. *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, welcome hither, you brayfemen
If that the youth of my new intrest here
Have power to bid you welcome: by your leave, blocked up.
I bid my friends and countreymen,
Sweet *Portia* weleonie.

Por. So do I my Lord, they are intirely welcome!

Lor. I thanke your honour; for my part my Lord,

My purpose was not to have seen you here,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did intreate me past all laying nay,
To come with him along.

Sal. I did my Lord,
And I have reason for it, Signior *Anthonio*.
Commends him to you.

Bass. Ere I ope his Letters, I pray you tell me how my good friend doth,

Sal. Not sick my Lord, unless it be in mind,
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will shew you his estate.

Gra. *Nerrissa*, cheer yond stranger, bid her welcome.
Your hand *Salerio*, whats the newes from *Venice*?
How doth that royll Merchant good *Anthonio*?
I know he will be glad of our successe,

We

the Merchant of Venice.

We are the Iasons, we have wotane the fleece.
Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

Por. There are some flarewd contents in yond same paper,
That steales the colour from Bassanio's cheeke,
Some deere friend dead, else no shing in the world
Could turne so much the constitution
Of any constant man : what worse and worse?
With leave Bassanio I am halfe your selfe,
And I must have the halfe of any thig
That this same Paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant' st words
That ever blotted Paper. Gentle Lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ranne in my veines, I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true : and yet deere Lady
Rating my selte at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worrie then nothing ; for indeed
I have ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemie,
To feed my meanes. Here is a Letter Lady,
The Paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound
Issuing life bloud. But is it true Salario,
Hath all his venture's fail'd, what not one hit
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and Indi,
And not one Vessell Icape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one my Lord.
Besides, it should appeare, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He vwould not take it : never did I know
A creature that did beare the shape of man
So keen and greedy to confound a man.

The Comicall Historie of

He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedome of the state
If they deny him Justice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himselfe, and the Magnificos
Of greatest port have all persuaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious psea
Of forfeiture, of Justice, and his Bond.

Ieff. When I was with him, I have heard hiw swear
To *Tuball* and to *Chus*, his countrey-men,
That he would rather have *Anthonio's* life
Then twenty times the value of the summe
That he did owe him : and I know my lord,
If Law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poore *Anthonio*.

Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to mee, the kindest man,
The best conditiond and unwearied spirit
In doing curtesies : and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appeares,
Then any that drawes breath in Italy.

Por. What summe owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me three thousand Ducats.

Por. What no more, pay him six thousand, and deface the bond.
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a haire through *Bassanio's* fault.
First go with me to Church, and call me wife,
And then away to *Venice* to your friend ;
For never shall you lie by *Portia's* side
With an unquiet soule. You shall have gold
To pay the perty debt twenty times over,
When it is paid, bring your true friend along,
My maid *Nerissa*, and my selfe meane time
Will live as Maides and Widdowes ; come away,
For you shall hence upon your wedding day ;
Bid your friends welcome, shew a merry cheere,
Since you are deere bought, I will love you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet

the Merchant of Venice.

Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscaried, my Creditors grow
cruell, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfait, and since in
paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are clear'd between you
and I, if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your
pleasure, if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love! dispatch all busynesse and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste; but till I come againe,
No bed shall ere be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interpolet twixt us twaine.

Exeunt.

Enter the Jew, and Salerio, and Antonio,
and the Taylor.

Jew. Taylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,
This is the foole that lent out money gratis.

Taylor, looke to him.

Anth. Hearre me yet good Shylocke,

Jew. Ile have my bond, speak not against my bond,
I have sworne an oath, that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But since I am a dog, beware my phangs,
The Duke shall grant me Justice; I do wonder
Thou naughty Taylor that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

An. I pray thee heare me speake.

Jew. Ile have my bond, I will nor heare thee speake,
Ile have my bond, and therefore speake no more.
He not be made a soft and dull eyde foole,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld
To Christian intercessors: follow not,
He have no speaking, I will have my bond.

Sol. It is the most impeniturable curse
That ever kept with men.

An. Let him alone,
Ile follow him no more with bootlesse prayers.
He seeks my life, his reason well I know;
I oft deliverid him his forschance.

The Comicall Historie of

Many that have at times made mone to me,
Therefore he hates me.

Sal. I am sure the Duke will never grant
This forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of Law :
For the Commodity that strangers have
With us in *Venice*, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state,
Since that the Trade and Profit of the Citie
Consisteth of all Nations. Therefore go,
These griefes and losses hath so bated me
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To morrow, to my bloudy Creditor.
Well Laylor on, pray God *Bassanio* come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not.

Exeunt.

*Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and a
man of Portia's.*

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of gold-like amitie, which appeares most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a Gentleman you send relief,
How deere a Lover of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke,
Then customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now : for in companions
That do converse and wast the time together,
Whose soules do beare an equall yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lymiaments, of manners, and of spirit ;
Which makes me think e that this *Ambonio*
Being the bosome Lover of my Lord,
Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed

In

the Merchant of Venice.

In purchasing the semblance of my soule ;
From out the state of hellish cruelty :
This comes too neere the praising of my selfe,
Therefore no more of it . heere other things shall you have
Lorenso I commit into your hands
The husbandry and mannage of my house,
Until my Lords returne : for mine own part
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Oneley attended by *Nerissa* here,
Until her husband and my Lords returne.
There is a Monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my Love, and some necessity
Now layes upon me.

Loren. Madame, with all my heart, I will, and I will now have
I shall obey you in all faire commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and *Jessica* :
In place of Lord *Baffanio* and my selfe.
So fare you well till we shall meet again.

Lor. Faire thoughts and happy hours attend on you.

Jess. I wish your Ladiship all hearts content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleaseid
To wish it back on you : fare you well *Jessica*. *Exeunt.*
Now *Balthasar*, as I have ever found thee honest and true,
So let me find thee still : take this same letter,
And use thou all th' endeavour of a man,
In speed to *Manua*, see thou render this
Into my cousins hand Doctor *Betario*,
And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed
Unto the Tranecl, to the common Ferry
Which trades to *Venice* ; waste no time in word
But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

Por. Come on *Nerissa*, I have worke in hand

That

The Comical Historie of

That you yet know not of ; wee see our husbands goe about
Before they think of us ?

Nerrissa. Shall they see us ?

Portia. They shall *Nerrissa* : but in such a habite, on a roostered
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack ; Ile hold thecany wager
When we are both accouerted like young men,
Ile prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the braver grace,
And speake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reed-voice, and turne two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speake of frayes,
Like a fine bragging youth : and tell quaint lyes,
How honourable Ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sicke and dyed.
I could not doe withall : then Ile repent,
And wish for all that, that I had not killd them :
And twenty of these punie lyes Ile tell,
That men shall sweare I have discontinued Schoole
Above a twelve-moneth : I have within my minde,
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jackes,
Which I will practise.

Nerris. Why, shall wee turne to men ?

Port. Fie, what a question's that ?
If thou were neare a lewd Interpreter :
But come, Ile tell thee all my whole device,
When I am in my Coach, which stayes for us
At the Parke gate : and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twentie miles to day.

Enter Clowne and Ieffica.

Clow. Yes truly, for looke you, the sinnes of the Father are to
be laid upon the Children, therefore I promise you, I feare you, I
was alwayes plaine with you, and so now I speake my agitation of
the matter : therefore be of good cheere, for truly I think you are
damnd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you any good, and
that is but a kinde of bastard hope neither.

Ief. And what hope is that, I pray thee ?

Clowne.

the Merchant of Venise.

Clown. May you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jewes daughter.

Jessica. That were a kind of bastard hope in deed, so the sinnes of my mother should be visited upon me.

Clowne. Truly then I feare you are damn'd both by father and mother : thus when I shun *Sin* your father, I fall into *Charibdis* your mother ; well, you are gone both wayes.

Jessica. I shall be sav'd by my husband, he hath made me a Christian ?

Clow. Truly the more too blame he, we were Christians enow before, een as many as could well live one by another : his making of Christians wil raise the price of hogs, if we grow all to be pork eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coales for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Ieffi. He tel my husband *Launcelet* what you say; here he comes.

Loren. I shall grow jealous of you shortly *Launcelet*, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Ieffi. Nay, you need not feare us *Lorenzo*, *Launcelet* and I are out, he tel me flatly there's no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jewes daughter : and he sayes you are no good member of the common-wealth, for in converting Jewes to Christians, you raise the price of porke.

Loren. I shall answer that better to the common-wealth than you can the getting up of the *Negroes* belly : the Moore is with child by you *Launcelet*.

Clowne. It is much that the Moore should be more then reason : but if she be lesse then an honest woman, she is indeed more then I tooke her for.

Loren. How every foole can play upon the word, I think the best grace of wit will shortly turne into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none onely but *Parrats* ; go in sirra, bid them prepare for dinner.

Clown. That is done sir, they have all stomacks.

Lor. Goodly Lord what a wit snapper are you, then bid them prepare dinner.

Clown. That is done to sir, onely cover is the word.

Loren. Will you cover them sir?

Clown. Not so sir neither, I know my duty.

G

Loren. Yet

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Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou shew
the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee understand
a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellowes, bid them
cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner:

Clown. For the table sir, it shall be serv'd in, for the meat sir, it
shall be cover'd, for your comming in to dinner sir, why let it be
as humours and conceits shall governe. *Exit. Clown.*

Loren. O deare discretion, how his words are fated,
The foole hath planted in his memory
An Armie of good words, and I do know
A many fooles that stand in better place,
Garnisht like him, that for a trickie word
Defie the matter: how cheer'st thou *Jeffica*?
And now good sweet say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord *Bassanio*'s wife?

Ies. Past all expressing, it is very meet
The Lord *Bassanio* live an upright life:
For having such a blessing in his Lady,
He findes the joyes of heaven here on earth,
And if on earth he do not meane it,
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one: there must be something else
Paund with the other, for the poore rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Loren. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jeff. Nay, but aske my opinion to of that.

Loren. I will anone, first let us go to dinner?

Jeff. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomack.

Loren. No, pray thee let it serve for table talke,
Then how so ere thou speakest, mong other things,
I shall digest it.

Jeff. Well, ile set you forth.

Exeunt.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, *Antonio*,
Bassanio, and *Gratiano*.

Duke. What is *Antonio* heere?

Ant. Ready,

the Merchant of Venice.

Antb. Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answet
A stony Adversary, an inhumane wretch,
Uncapable of pitty, voyd, and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Antb. I have heard
Your Grace hath tane great paines to qualifie
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawfull meanes can carry me
Out of his envies reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and an arm'd
To suffer with a quietnesse of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one and call the Jew into the Court.

Salerio. He is ready at the dore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

Duke. Make roome, and let him stand before our face.

Shylocke, the world thinks, and I thinke so to,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice,
To the last houre of act, and then tis thought
Thou w'l shew thy mercy and remorse more strange,
Than is thy strange apparant cruelty;
And where thou now exacts the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh,
Thou wilt not onely loose the forfeiture,
But toucht with humane gentlenesse and love,
Forgive a moytie of the principall,
Glauncing an eye of pitty on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his backe,
Enow to pressle a royall Merchant down;
And pluck commiseration of his state,
From brasse bosomes, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborne Turkes, and Tartars never train'd
To Offices of tender curtesie;
We all expect a gentle answer Jew.

Jew. I have possest your Grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworne
To have the due and forfeit of my Bond,

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If you deny it, let the danger light
Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.
You'l aske me why I rather chuse to have
A weight of Carrion flesh, then to receive
Three thousand Ducats: Ile not answer that,
But say it is my humour, is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
And I be please to give ten thousand Ducats
To have it baind? what, are you answerd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping Pig:
Some that are mad if they behold a Cat;
And others when the Bagpipe sings i[n]h nose,
Cannot contain their Vrine for affection.
Masters of passion twayes it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes, now for your answer
As there is no firme reason to be rendered
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig:
Why he a harmelss necessary Cat:
Why he a woollen bagpipe: but of force
Must yeeld to such inevitable shame,
As to offend himselfe being offended:
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More then a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing
I bear Anthonia, that I follow thus
A loosing sute against him: are you answerd?

Bass. This is no answer thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the currant of thy cruelty.

Iew. I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Iew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first?

Iew. What wouldst thou have a Serpent sting thee twice?

Anth. I pray you think you question with the Jew,
You may as well go stand upon the Beach,
And bid the maine flood bare his usall height,
You may as well use question with the Wolfe,
Why he hath made the Ewe bleat for the Lambe:
You may as well forbid the mountaine of Pines

To

the Merchant of Venice.

To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven:
You may as well do any thing most hard
As seek to soften that then which what's harder?
His Jewish heart? therefore I do beseech you
Make no more offers, use no farther meanes,
But with all briefe and plaine conueniency
Let me have judgement, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand Ducats here is six.

Jew. If every Ducat in six thousand Ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a Ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my Bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy rendring none?

Jew. What judgement shall I dread doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchast slave,
Which like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them, shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heimes?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their pallets
Be season'd with such viands you will answer,
The slaves are ours, so do I answer you;
The pound of flesh which I demanded of him
Is decretely bought, as mine, and I will have it; by god, most now
If you deny me, fie upon your Law,
There is no force in the Decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgement, answer, shall I have it?

Duk. Upon my power I may dismiss this Court,
Unless Bellario a learned Doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to day?

Sal. My Lord, here stayes without
A messenger with letters from the Doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the Letters. Call the Messenger.

Bass. Good cheare Antonio: what man courage yet;
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones and all,

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Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Anth. I am a tainted Weather of the flocke,

Meetest for death, the weakest kinde of fruit

Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me;

You cannot better be employ'd, *Baffanio*,

Then to live still and write mine Epitaph?

Enter *Nerrissa*.

Duke. Came you from Padua from Bellario?

Ner. From both : my L. Bellario greets your Grace.

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Jew. To cut the forfeiture from that Bankrout there.

Grat. Not on thy soule : but on thy soule harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keene: but no mettle can,
No, not the hangmans axe bear halfe the keenesse
Of thy sharp envie: can no prayers pearce thee?

Jew. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Grat. Obe thou damn'd, inexecrable dog,
And for thy life let justice be accus'd
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That soules of Animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men : Thy currish spirit
Govern'd a Woolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
Even from the gallowes did his fell soule fleet,
And whilst thou layest in thy unhallowed damme,
Infus'd it selfe in thee : for thy desires
Are woolvish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Jew. Till thou canst raise the scale from off my Bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speake so loud!
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruine. I stand for Law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth command
A young and learned Doctor to our Court:
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer whether youle admit him?

Duke. With all my heart: some three or foure of you

the Merchant of Venice.

Go give him courteous conduct to this place, till super est 1. v.
Meane time the Court shall heare Bellario's Letter: as disengaged
old soiwerd: reason and orderly act now.

Your Grace shall understand, that at the receit of your Letter, I am very sicke, but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a yong Doctor of Rome, his name is Balthasar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversie between the Jew and Antonio the Merchant; we turned ore many books together, he is furnished with my opinion, which bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my importunity, to fill up your Graces request in my stead. I beseech you let his lack of yeares be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a head: I leave him to your Gracious acceptance, whose tryall shall better publish his commendation.

Enter Portia for Balthazar.

Duke. You heare the learn'd Bellario what he writes,
And here I take it is the Doctor come.
Give me your hand, come you from old Bellario?

Por. I did my Lord.

Duke. You are welcome, take your place:
Are you acquainted with the difference,
That holds this present question in the Court?

Por. I am enformed throughly of the cause,
Which is the Merchant here? and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio, and old Shylocke, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylocke?

Iew. Shylocke is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow,
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian Law
Cannot impugne you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. I, so he sayes.

Por. Do you confess the Bond?

An. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be mercifull.

Sby. On what compulsion must I tell me that?

Por. The

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Por. The qualitie of mercy is noo straing,
It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blest,
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The throned Monarch better then his Crowne,
His scepter shewes the force of temporall power,
The attribute to awe and iusticie,
Wherein doth sit the dread and feare of Kings :
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himselfe,
And earthly power doth then shew likeſt gods,
When mercy seasons justice : therefore Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer, doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea, thou emperour may by my
Which if thou follow, this strict Court of *Venice*
Must needs give sentence 'gainſt the Merchane there.

Sky. My deeds upon my head, I stave the Law,
The penalty and forfeit of my Bondage.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money
Bass. Yes, here I render it for him in the Count,

Yea, twice the summe if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore
On forfeit on my hands, my head, my heart,
If this will not suffice, it must appeare
That malice beares downe truth. And I beseech you
Wrest once the Law to your authority,
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And carbe this cruell Devill of his will.

Por. It must not be, there is no power in *Venice*
Can alter a Decree established :
Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example

Will

the Merchant of Venice.

Will rust into the fire, it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgement : yea a Daniel, w'ld gof oT
O wise young Judge, how I do honour thee.

Por. I pray you let me looke upon the Bond.

Shy. Here 'tis most reverend Doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylocke, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven,

Shall I lay perjury upon my soule ?

No , not for Venice.

Por. Why this Bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claime
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off,
Neerest the Merchants heart : be mercifull,
Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the Boad.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenure:
It doth appeare you are a worthy Judge,
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound : I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well deserving Piller,
Proceed to judgement : by my soule I swaere,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me, I stay here on my Bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the Court
To give the judgement.

Por. Why than thus it is,
You must prepare your boosome for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge, O excellent young man.

Por. For the intent and purpose of the Law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the Bond.

Iew. Tis very true : O wise and upright judge,
How much more elder art thou then thy looks?

Por. Therefore lay bare your boosome.

Iew. I, his breast,
So sayes the Bond, doth it not noble judge ?
Neerest his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so, are there ballance here to weigh the flesh ?

Iew. I have them ready.

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Por. Have by some Surgeon Shilocke on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Jew. Is it so nominated in the Bond?

Por. It is not so exprest, but what of that?
Twere good you do so much for charity.

Jew. I cannot finde it, tis not in the Bond.

Por. You Merchant, have you any thing to say?

Ant. But little; I am arm'd and well prepar'd;
Give me your hand *Bassanio*, fare you well,
Greeve not that I am faine to this for you:
For herein Fortune shewes her selfe more kind
Then is her custome: it is still her use
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty: from which lingring penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife,
Tell her the processe of *Antonio*'s end,
Say how I lov'd you, speak me faire in death:
And when the Tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether *Bassanio* had not once a Love:
Repent but you that you shall loose your friend,
And he repents not that he payes your debt:
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
He pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. *Antonio*, I am married to a wife,
Which is as deere to me as life it selfe,
But life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life.
I would lose all, I sacrifice them all
Here to this Devill, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to heare you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, who I protest I love,
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Intreat some power to change this curish Jew.

Ner. Tis well you offer it behind her back,
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Jew. These

the Merchant of Venice.

Iew. These be the Christian husbands, I have a daughter,
Would any of the stocke of *Barrabas*,
Had been her husband, rather then a Christian.
We trifle time, I pray thee pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same Merchants flesh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Iew. Most rightfull Judge.

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
The law allowes it, and the Court awards it.

Iew. Most learned judge, a sentence, come prepare.

Por. Tarry a little, there is some thing else,
This Bond doth give thee here no jot of bloud,
The words expreſſly are a pound of flesh:
Take then thy Bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
But in the cutting it, if thou doest ſhed
One drop of Christian bloud, thy lands and goods
Are by the Lawes of *Venice* confiſcate
Unto the State of *Venice*.

Grat. O upright Judge, Marke *Jew*, O learned Judge.

Sby. Is that the Law?

Por. Thy ſelfe ſhalt ſee the Act:
For as thou urgēſt justice, be affur'd
Thou ſhalt have justice more then thou daſir'st.

Grat. O learned judge, marke *Jew*, a learned judge.

Iew. I take his offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Baff. Here is the money.

Por. Soft, the *Jew* ſhall have all justice, soft no haſt,
He ſhall have nothing but the penaſty.

Grat. O *Jew*, an upright Judge, a learned Judge.

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
Shed thou no bloud, nor cut thou leſſe nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or leſſe then a just pound, be it but ſo much
As makes it light or heaſie in the ſubſtance,
Or the diuiſion of the twentieth part
Of one poore ſcruple, ney if the ſcale do turne

The Comicall Historie of

But in the estimation of a haine,
Thou dyest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Grat. A second *Daniel*, a *Daniel Jew* is, I haue of red heed *Bass*
Now Infidell I have you on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew paue, take thy forfeiture?

Sby. Give me my principall, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee, here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court,
He shall have merely justice and his Bond.

Grat. A *Daniel* still lay, a second *Daniel*,
I thanke thee Jew for teaching me that word.

Sby. Shall I not have barely my principall?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture
To be so taken at thy perill Jew.

Sby. Why then the Devil give him good of it.
Ile stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry Jew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the Lawes of *Venice*,
If it be prooved against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any Citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seaze on halfe his goods, the other halfe
Comes to the privie Coffer of the State,
And the offenders life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke onely, 'gainst all other voyce,
In which predicament I say thou standst:
For it appeares by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant: and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehearst.
Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Grat. Beg that thou maist have leave to hang thy selfe,
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the State,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord,
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the States charge.

Duke. That

The Merchant of Venice.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it;
For halfe thy wealth it is *Antonio's*,
The other halfe comes to the generall State,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. I for the State, not for *Antonio*.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustaine my house: you take my life
When you do take the meanes whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him *Antonio*?

Grat. A halter gratis, nothing else for Gods sake.

Anth. So please thy Lord the Duke, and all the Court,
To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content: so he will let me have
The other halfe in use, to render it
Upon his death unto the Gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.
Two things provided more, that for this favour
He presently become a Christian: and to compound the same
The other, that he do recordal gift
Here in the Court, of all he dies possess,
Unto his sonne *Lorenzo*, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented few? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence,
I am not well, send the deed after me,
And I will signe it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Grat. In christening shalt thou have two Godfathers,
Had I beene judge, thou shouldest have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallowes, not to the Fonte. *Exit.*

Duke. Sir I intreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your Graces pardon,
I must away this night toward *Padua*.

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And it is meet I presently set forth,
Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not,
Anthonio, gratifie this Gentleman,
For in my mind you are much bound to him.

Exit Duke and his traine.

Bass. Most worthy Gentleman, I and my friends
Have by your wisedome been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties, in lieue whereof,
Three thousand Ducats due unto the Jew,

We freely cope your courteous paines withall.

Ant. And stand indebted over and above
In love and service to you ever more.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account my selfe well paid;
My minde was never yet more mercenary:
I pray you know me when we meet againe,
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Deere sir, of force I must attempt you further,
Take some remembrance of us as a tribute,
Not as fee: grant me two things I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You presse me farre, and therefore I will yeeld,
Give me your Gloves, Ile weare them for your sake,
And for your love Ile take this Ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand, Ile take no more,
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This Ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not shame my selfe to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but onely this,
And now me thinkes I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this then on the value;
The dearest Ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation,
Onely for this I pray you pardon me.

Por. I see sir you are liberal in offers,
You taught me first to beg, and now me thinks
You teach me how a begger should be answered.

QnA

Bass. Good

The Merchant of Venise.

Bass. Good sir, this Ring was given me by my wife,
And when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor loose it.

Por. That scuse serves many men to save their gifts,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this Ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me : well, peace be with you. *Exeunt.*

Anth. My L. *Bassanio*, let him have the Ring,
Let his deservings and my love withall
Be valued 'gainst your wives commandement.

Bass. Go *Gratiano*, runne and over-take him,
Give him the Ring, and bring him if thou canst
Unto *Antonio's* house, away, make hast. *Exit Gratiano.*
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Flie toward *Belmont*, come *Antonio*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nerissa.

Por. Enquire the Lewes house out, give him this deed,
And let him signe it, wee'll away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home :
This deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.

Enter Gratiano.

Grat. Faire sir, you are well ore-tane :
My Lord *Bassanio* upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this Ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be ;
His Ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you tell him : furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old *Sbylocks* house.

Grat. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you :
Ile see if I can get my husbands Ring,
Which I did make him swearc to keep for ever.

Por. Thou

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Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shall have old *wearing*,
That they did give the Kings away to men;
But weel out-face them, and our-sweare them to!
Away, make haste, thou knowest where I will carry.

Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house?

Enter Lorenzo and Ieffe. *Exeunt.*

Lor. The Moone shines brighte, in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently Risse the trees,
And they did make no noyse, in such a night.
Troylus me thinks mounted the *Troyan walls*,
And sigh'd his soule toward the *Grecian tents*,
Where *Cressed* lay that night.

Ieffe. In such a night
Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dew,
And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,
And ranne dismayed away.

Loren. In such a night
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
Upon the wilde sea bankes, and *wait her love*
To come againe to *Carthage*.

Ieffe. In such a night
Medea gathered the inchantring herbs
That did renew old *Eson*.

Loren. In such a night
Did *Ieffica* steale from the wealthy *Tow*,
And with an unthrift Love did ruane from *Venice*,
As farre as *Belmont*.

Ieffe. In such a night
Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
And here a true one.

Loren. In such a night
Did pretty *Ieffica* (like a little thow) : mid hir byt yow yow
Slander her Love, and he forgave it her.

Ieffe. I would out-night you did no body come:
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter a Messenger.

Loren. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Messen. A

the Merchant of Venice.

Meffon. A friend.

Loren. A friend, what friend, your name I pray you friend?

Meff. Stephano is my name, and I bring word

My Mistresse will before the breake of day

Be here at Belmonte, the doth it ray about

By holy crofies, where the Kneels and prayes

For happy wedlock houres.

Loren. Who comes with her?

Meff. None but a holy Hermie and her maid:

I pray you is my Master yet returned?

Loren. He is not, nor we have not heard from him;

But go we in I pray thee *Leffice*,

And ceremoniously let us prepare

Some welcome for the Mistres of the House.

Enter Clown.

Clown. Sola, sola, we haue sola, sola.

Loren. Who calls?

Clown. Sola, did you see M. Lorenz, and M. Lorenz, sola, sola.

Loren. Leave hollowing man, heere.

Clown. Sola, where, where?

Loren. Heere,

Clown. Tell him there's a Post come from my Master, with his
horne full of good newes, my Master will be here ere moring
sweet soule.

Loren. Let's in, and there expect their coming,

And yet no matter, why shold we go in?

My friend Stephon, signifie I pray you.

Within the house, your Mistres is at hand,

And bring your musique foorth into the ayre.

How sweet the moon-light sleepes upon this banke,

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musique

Creepe in our eares soft till these, and the night

Become the tutches of sweet harmony.

Sit *Leffice*, looke how the floore of heaven

Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold,

There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholde,

But in his motion like an Angel singes,

Still quiring to the young-eyed Cherubins.

Such harmony is in immortall soules.

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But whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grofely close it in, we cannot heare it

Come hoe, and wake Diana with a hirane,

With sweetest tutches pearce your Mistreareare,

And draw her home with Musique.

Iesse. I am never merry when I heare sweet Musique.

Loren. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wilde and wanton heard,
Or race of youthfull and unhandled Colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neiging loud,
Which is the hore condicione of their bloud,
If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any ayre of musique touch their eares,
You shall perceave them make a mutuall stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of Musique: therefore the poes,
Did faine that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since naught so stockish hard and full of rage,
But musique for the time doth change his nature,
The man that hath no musique in himselfe,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoiles,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections darke as Tonebris:
Let no such man be trusted: marke the musique.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see is burninge in my hall,
How farre that little candle throwes his beames:
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the Moon shone we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dimme the lesser,
A substitute shines brightly as a King,
Untill a king be by, and then his state
Empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke
Into the maine of waters: musicke barkes

Ner. It is your musicke Madame of the house.

Por. Nothing is good I see without respect
Me thinks it sounds much sweeter then by day.

Ner. Sir.

the Merchant of Venice.

Ner. Silence borowes that vertue on it Madam. *Portia* I. viii. 1. 165.

Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Lurke,
When neither is attended : and I thinke
The Nightingale if she should sing by day, is not so sweet
When every Goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a Musician then the Rennie.
How many things by season, season'd are
To the right praise, and true perfection :
Peace, how the Moone sleeps wих Endimion,
And would not be awak'd.

Loren. That is the voyce, *Portia* I. viii. 1. 165.
Or I am much deceiv'd, of *Portia*.

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voyce.

Loren. Decre Lady welcome home. *Portia* I. viii. 1. 165.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands welfare,
Which speed we hope the better for our words : show us how
Are they return'd ?

Loren. Madam, they are not yet :
But there is come a Messenger before,
To signifie their comming.

Por. Go in *Nerrissa*, *Portia* I. viii. 1. 165.
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Leffica* nor you.

Loren. Your husband is at hand, I heare his trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not.

Por. This night me thinks is but the day light sicke,
It lookes a little paler, tis a day,
Such as the day is when the Sunne is hid.

Enter *Bassanio*, *Antonio*, *Gratiano*, and their
followers, *Portia* I. viii. 1. 165.

Bass. We should hold day with the *Antipodes*, *Portia* I. viii. 1. 165.
If you would walke in absence of the Sunne.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a hearie husband,
And never be *Bassanio* so for me,
But God sort all : you are welcome home my Lord.

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Bass. I thank you Madam, give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is Anchonio, he and I do work together
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For as I heare he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more then I am well acquainted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house.
It must appeare in other wayes then words,
Therefore I scant this breaching courtesie.

Grat. By yonder moone I sweare you do me wrong,
Infaith I gave it to the Judges Clarke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my posse,
Since you do take it. Love so much ar heart.

Por. A quarrell hoe already, what's the matter?

Grat. About a hoope of gold, a paleysy Ring,
That she did give me, whose posse was,
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry,
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talke you of the posse or the value:
You swore to me when I did give it you,
That you would weare it till your houre of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave.
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oathes,
You should have been respective, and have kepe it,
Gave it a Judges Clarke: no god's my judge,
The Clarke will neare weare haire on his face that had it.

Grat. He will, and if he live to best man.

Nerrissa. I, if a woman live to be a man.

Grat. Now by this hand I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher then thy selfe, the Judges Clarke,
A prating boy that begg'd it as a fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plaine with you,
To part so lightly with your wifes first gift,
A thing stuck on with oathes upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh,
I gave my Lovels Ring, and made him swere

I. 1. 8

Never

Never to part with it; and here he stands,
I dare be sworne for him he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth

That the world Masters. Now in faith Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of strife,
And 'twere to me I should be mad an if shee did accuse her夫夫

Bass. Why I were best to cut my left hand off,
And iweare I lost the Ring defending it.

Grat. My Lord Bassanio gave his Ring away
Unto the Judge that begg'd it, and indeede
Deserv'd it to : and then the boy his Clarke
That tooke some pains in writing, he begg'd mine,
And neither man nor master would take ought
But the two Rings.

Por. What Ring gave you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could adde a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it ; but you see my finger
Hath not the Ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so voyd is your false heart of truth.
By heaven I will nere come in your bed
Until I see the Ring ?

Ner. Nor I in yours
Till I againe see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the Ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the Ring,
And how unwillingly I left the Ring,
When naught would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had knowne the verue of the Ring,
Or halfe her worthinesse that gave the Ring,
Or your owne honour so contayne the Ring,
You would not then haue parted with the Ring
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had please to haue defended it
With any termes of zeale, wanted the modesty

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To urge the thing held as a ceremony :
Nerrissa teaches me what to believe,
He die for't, but some woman had the Ring.

Bass. No by my honour Madam, by my soule
No woman had it, but a Civill Doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand Ducats of me,
And begg'd the Ring, the which I did denie him,
And suffered him to go displeas'd away,
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my deere friend. What should I say sweet Lady,
I was inforc'd to send it after him,
I was beset with shame and courtesie,
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmire it : pardon me good Lady,
For by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I thinke you would have begg'd
The Ring of me to give the worthy Doctor.

Por. Let not that Doctor come near my house,
Since he hath got the jewell that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
Ile not deny him any thing I have,
No, nor my body, nor my husbands bed :
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argus,
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour, Which is yet mine owne,
Ile have that Doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his Clarke : therefore be well advised,
How you do leave me to mine owne protection.

Gra. Well, do you so : let not me take him then,
For if I do, Ile marre the young Clarks Pen.

Anth. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grive not you, you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of these many friends
I sweare to thee, even by thine own faire eyes,
Wherin I see my selfe.

Por. Marke

the Merchant of Venice.

Por. Marke you but that ;
In both mine eyes he doubly sees himselfe ;
In each eye one I weare by your double selfe,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but heare me :
Pardon this fault, and by my soule I swearer
I never more will breake an oath with thee.

Anth. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which but for him that had your husbands Ring,
Had quite miscaried. I dare be bound againe,
My soule upon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will never more breake faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety ; give him this,
And bid him keep it better then the other.

Anth. Here Lord Bassanio, swearer to keep this Ring

Bass. By heaven it is the same I gave the Doctor,

Por. I had it of him ; pardon me Bassanio,
For by this Ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me my gentle Gratiano,
For that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.
Grat. Why, this is like the inuening of high wayes,
In Sommer, where the wayes are faire enough,
What are we Cuckolds etc we have deseru'd it?

Por. Speake not so grossly, you are all amaz'd,
Here is a Letter, reade it at your leisure,
It comes from Padua from Bellario,
There you shall find that Portia was the Doctor,
Nerrissa there her Clarke. Lorenzo here,
Shall witnesse I set forth as soone as you,
And even but now returned : I have not yet
Entred my huse. *Anthonio* you are welcome,
And I have better newes in store for you,
Then you expect : unscale this letter soone,
There you shall find three of your Asgofies,
Are richly come to harbour sedainly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this Letter.

Ant. I

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Anth. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the Doctor?

Gras. Were you the Clark?

Ner. I but the Clarke shall

Unless he live untill he be a man.

Bass. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,

When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

An. (Sweet Lady) you have given me life and living,

For here I reade for certain that my shalles

Are safely come to Rode.

Por. How now *Lorenzo*,

My Clarke hath some good comforte to for you,

Ner. I, and he give them him without a fee.

There do I give to you and *Hegisa*,

From the rich Jew, a good deed,

After his death, of all he did possesse.

Loren. Faire Ladie,

Of starved people,

Por. It is almost morrow,

And yet I am sure you are not well,

Of these events at full. Let us go to bed, and to our rest,

And charge us there upon intergatories,

And we will answer all things faithfully.

Grat. Let it be so, the first interrogatory,

That my *Nerrissa* shall be sworne on,

Whether till the next night she had rather stay,

Or go to bed now, being two hours to day.

But were the day come, I should will her darke,

Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke,

Well, while I live, he scarce no other thing,

So sore, as keeping safe *Nerrissa's* Ring.

Elinor.

I hope you will haue this of me,

What you will say to this.

S 2938
Shakespeare, W.